



MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT:
"SPIRITUAL EQUILIBRIUM"

HENTRICH DIARIES
VOLUME FIVE: BOOK OF WONDER
BOOK ONE: SPIRITUAL EQUILLIBRIUM
12/28/88 → 4/11/89

MEDITATIONS

NOTEBOOK 17

BOOK 17

WRITINGS 1989

28 December 1988 thru 11 April

NOTEBOOK

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(27.9cm x 21.6cm)

COLLEGE/NARROW RULED

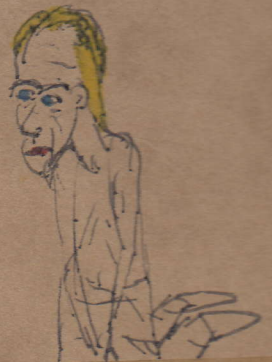
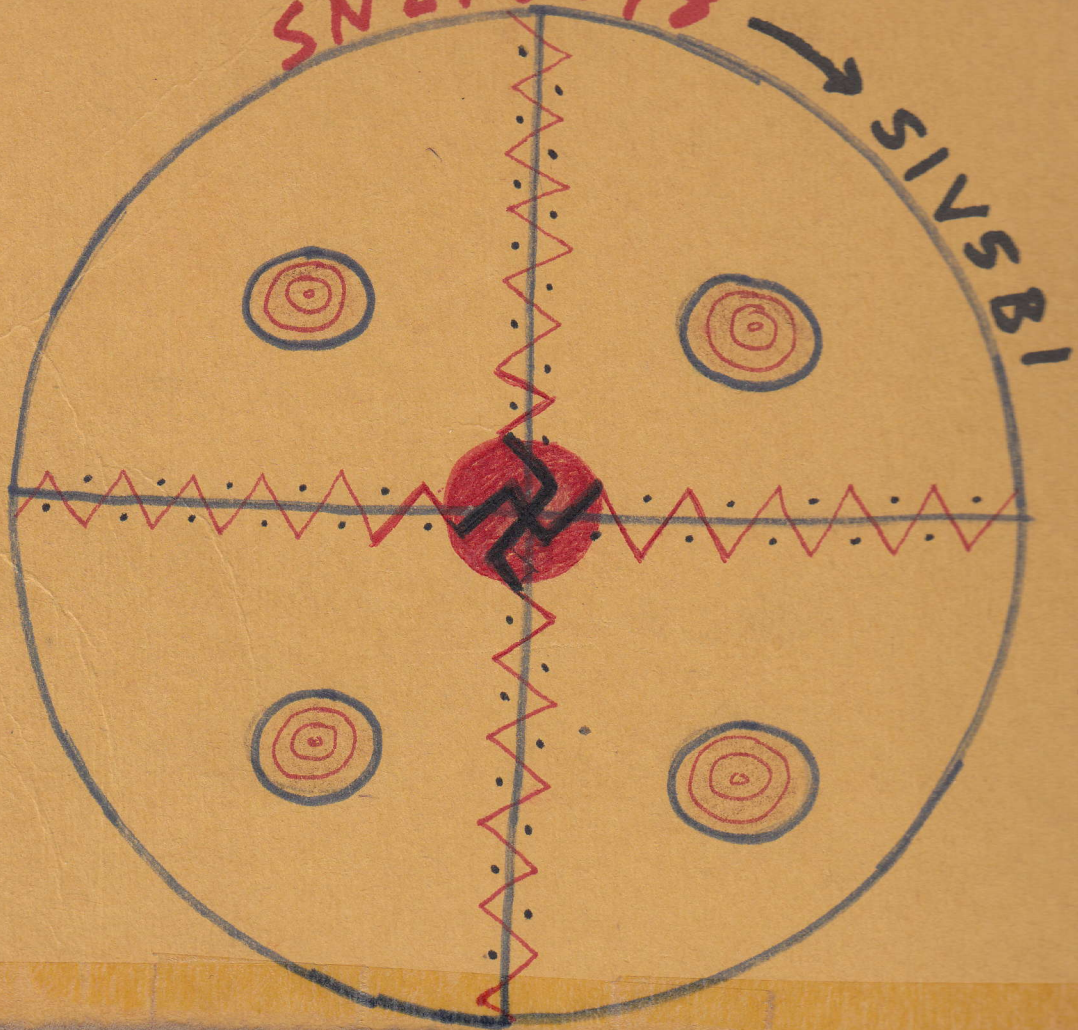
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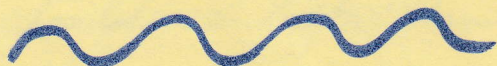
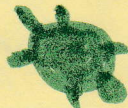
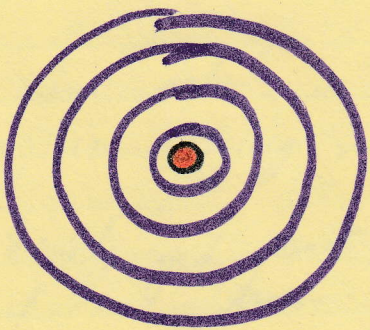
"SPIRITUAL EQUILIBRIUM"

- A HENTRICH DREAM JOURNAL -

SN218818



Hesse's Narcissus and Goldmund excerpt: "Are you scared?
Do you notice something? Yes, the world is full of
death, full of death. Death sits on every fence, stands
behind every tree. Building walls and dormitories and
churches won't keep death out; death looks in
through the window, laughing, knowing every one of you.
Go ahead, say your evening prayers,
say your morning prayers, sing your psalms,
gather herbs in your laboratory, collect
books in your libraries.
Are you fasting, my friend? Hell lend you a
hand, our old friend, the Reaper. He'll
strip you to the bones. Run, run to the fields
and see that your bones stay together, they're trying
to escape, they don't want to be with us.
Our poor bones want to be free, it all wants
to go to the devil, the crows are sitting in the trees



1989.01.22

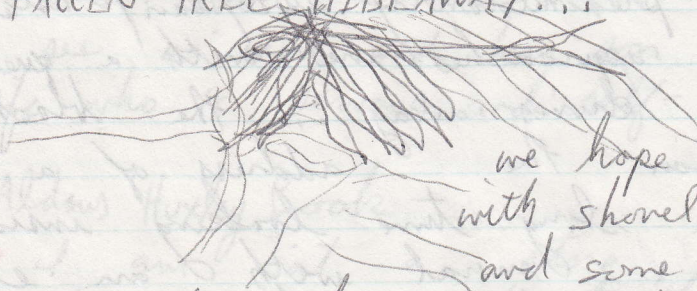
Today was a breakthrough day... little Joe and I made an excursion into the woods - he wanted to find "a special hide out spot". We came upon a brook - and I hauled a fallen tree to make a bridge (naming it BARBED WIRE POINT).

We came upon a spot ideal for a nest. I was possessed with extra energy which feverently gathered fallen trees to build a "special hideaway". Later that day, Joey and I returned with Joe and a shovel.

We improved the nest...

I like it. It will be a place to rest, to meditate, to pray, to hide away...

FALLEN TREE HIDEAWAY...



we hope to bring wood there with shovel to make a floor and some "bench-space" to sit.

I want to make a door-like entrance so that I may use a candle in there...

wood for floor

candle for mood

plank of wood for door



* ALSO
I sense a positive change between Tami + Joe...
Continue to make sacred the Web of life that warms our cold nights...

make humor and detachment the power to overcome boredom !!!

Being it is winter, as we working mammals of industrial civilisation must work all daylight hours - only on our leisure day (which happens to be Sunday) can we improve it... spend time there longer... this ~~fast~~ primitive shelter made of fallen trees is a positive antidote to "Nintendo addiction".



1989.02.23

Park Maintenance :- jobs opening in July on Rt 33
Mormon Battlefield - fill out application March 1st
- Get photocopy from WARRINCO from mom^{sun}

Civil Service Test -

WSOU Student Conservation Program - called for information

Drivers License - When going to Trenton for test?

Court Tuesday 7PM Feb. 28

I learned today that I am not a
martyr, nor am I a wilderness
survival master.

I am just what I am.

I am colonized. I am dependent
upon the colony for mere creature
comforts as well as food and
shelter.

HUMILITY.

HONESTY.

SURRENDER.

Calmly and patiently I enjoy the journey.

I admit to being a vehicle for that
"space cadet glow".

Skull and crossbones. pirate critter.

I am feeling like a parasitical organism.

I am a wild, natural organism
webbed together by primordial fibers —

BUT, I am living through complicated
artifice. I am fed from tin cans and
heated by gases distributed by INDUSTRIAL
CIVILIZATION.

1989.03.05

Entry - Evening - Sunday Sessions 1129

I am reading Hesse's Narcissus and Goldmund and already I plan on reading it and Steppenwolf once over. This novel brings dark feelings to the surface and questions whether I should be obedient to any man. I should not be so obedient if it were not for need of money for food and rent.

There are many homeless drifters who choose homelessness as a way of life precisely for the freedom that "the closeness and nearness of death" affords.

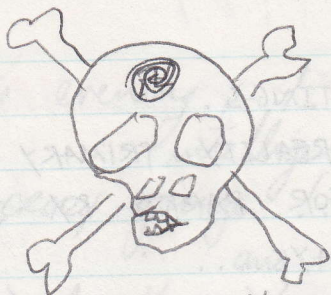
I remember how I felt a couple nights ago, wandering through the woods... I thought of Mr. Fili's advice to seek education, to get my driver's license, to take the civil service test.

These are all positive things, and I will most probably pursue them as goals to reach — and yet I detach from I at this point.

Why?

Because of death and the devil, and the eternal mother and my hatred towards the stupid lives we live, my hatred towards the world and myself for the insensitive pains we inflict upon the animals and plants so we may be pigs.
It is good to read Hesse to become "deeper".

1989.03.18



AGE : 22

Does HENTRICH want to procreate?
I am confused about procreation.

I just want to relax - to just be
primordial ooze - consciousness of being...

May I clear a few things up?

mm> For one, reading Huxley's Brave New World Revisited
should be enough to make me realize
that it is my intelligence that makes
me cautious concerning sex and
procreation... (relationships).

Our planet is in a "bad state" as
far as human civilization goes...
there are the rich entrepreneurs.

There are the homeless
the hungry
the lost souls
the grateful dead...

I hate my job at Auto Spa.

Good. Be honest. This is good (to be honest).
Yet. This stupid 9-6 job affords me the
comfort of living in a modern shelter!!
I am afraid to have
children. I am afraid to be a homeless
village idiot whom is lynched by the people!





Session 1147

1989.03.23

Key words

absurd - contrary to all reason or common sense

futile - incapable of producing any useful result.

inwardness - toward the mind or soul

guttural - based on emotions

transitory - brief or short by its very nature

Bigging into town, I reflected upon these definitions.

At work, Tony and I yelled at one another over something stupid: obedience. Absurd!

It was a transitory and futile rage.

We did not exchange glances until 3PM... we did not speak the whole day except at 7:45PM to confirm I would be in at 9AM.

A good learning/growing experience...

(AA) meeting very good - about spirituality...
I shared my "suicide attempt" story -
and my belief in a spiritual force whom I do not
choose to call "GOD" -
- but I call it just what it is:
a mysterious, mystical spiritual force...

I kneel to unite with fellow sufferers who
are channelled by man: horses, dogs, and the working class

SESSION 1150
MARCH 29 WEDNESDAY EVENING
1989

Mom tried to "give me some compliments about how proud she is that I have adjusted well since being out of jail" — after I had left a message (thank you for her picking me up from ^{Dec 20} WTC) on her answering machine.

I coldly said, "Mom. Please spare me the pats on the back. Life still sucks, sober or not."

I hope I do not hurt her feelings, but she irritates me when she goes on and on about college and all that shit. I love mom. I just cannot be pleasant too long on the telephone — or else I would never have gotten her off the phone.

Does life suck?

Life is evil isn't it?

Is it really worth slaving all day for the mere pleasure of breathing?

I am melancholy,
morbid!

I am sad and cynical.

My only hope is to detach
from pain and cure.

So, this evening I look for the glowing
enchantment in the wonder of life's paradox,
life's irony, life's mystery and life's strangeness.
May I forget my personal existence and contemplate upon universal phenomena.

1989.03.30

Thursday Morning Entry 1151



Are we like guinea pigs? Are we rats in experiments? I see the maze. I am in the maze... I have to get to the food... No more hunting... no more fishing for sustenance... gather money through obedience... the money traded in for food and rent... money evaporates... caught in a trap... organic being caught in the maze of industrial civilization... assimilated into the maze...

born and fed... cartoons on television... school... snacks... cereal... hamburgers... turkey... chicken... eggs... pork... bread... sex... mental agony... pressure... depression... beer... marijuana... LSD... insanity... college? Need more money... Need car? police... mental labor... where to live? NEED SHELTER... Need job for money, which evaporates... penitentiary... hostile nightmare world... corralled like stray dogs...

sobers... out of institutions... in soc-i-ety arms and hands scarred from working on cars. I don't even own a car... no license cause I can't afford car insurance in New Jersey... hostility... anger...

alas, rest in confusion
In the maze... find food... dinner... no

as I gather from this entry, this little thought experiment, I am in a strange mood... a strange, yet somehow a very honest mood.

I am beginning to question things again... resistance...

I am a seeker.

Knowledge and Power... was my ancestral being a shameless blood beast living in caves and trees?

Life is evil, but evil is good... is evil good? is life good?

IMPORTANT PHILOSOPHICAL BELIEF WHICH REAFFIRMS MY MELANCHOLY STATE OF MIND

→ "THE TOTAL PICTURE OF LIFE IS ALMOST TOO PAINFUL FOR CONTEMPLATION. LIFE DEPENDS UPON OUR NOT KNOWING IT TOO WELL."

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"THE MORE DISTINCTLY A MAN KNOWS — THE MORE INTELLIGENT HE IS — THE MORE PAIN HE HAS. THE MAN WHO IS GIFTED WITH GENIUS SUFFERS MOST OF ALL."

"IF WE SHOULD BRING CLEARLY TO MAN'S SIGHT THE TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS AND MISERIES TO WHICH HIS LIFE IS CONSTANTLY EXPOSED, HE WOULD BE SIEZED WITH HORROR."

1989.03.30
I am tempted to write some of these ideas on paper and bring it to an AA meeting tonight.

Here is how I would open:

I have been reaching deeper and deeper into honesty. Honest contemplation requires the intellect. Although this program is leary of the intellectualization of our feelings, when I am being totally honest with myself, I cannot ignore my intellect.

Honest contemplation lead me into a melancholy state of mind, but I was soon possessed with a morbid delight.

Abandoning happiness, I dove into and explored my honest sadness. My sadness became beautiful - and I thought, "Truth is beauty".

I also wondered if sadness ~~was~~ might be the purest and truest state of mind... when one sees the nature of existence clearly.

I had taken out some old books on philosophy. I read Schopenhauer... ~~Nietzsche~~ he believes life is evil and gives examples of life's evil nature.

I find myself caught between my AA program and my intellect.

Normally I do not narrate my life as a story - for I tend to drift on whims experiencing fleeting moods to their dregs...

... but, coming to the end of a volume of diary material, I will summarize this "chapter": "spiritual equilibrium".

I got payoed from Wharton Tract Dec. 20.
I started working at Auto Spa on Jan. 3.
Chris and Tony Kopp are my bosses.

In February, my sister Tami moved out of the house. (me, lit Joey, Joe, Elsie)
She is to return on Sunday...

At Auto Spa I've seen many employees leave in just 3 months.

3 in Jan. (???)

3 in Feb. (Wayne, Rich, Bill)

3 in March (Denny, Phil, Dan C)

Well, Denny Cooco may return...

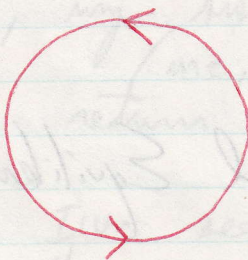
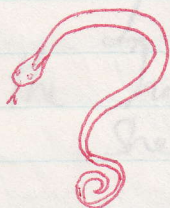
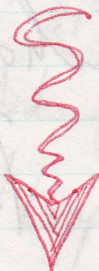
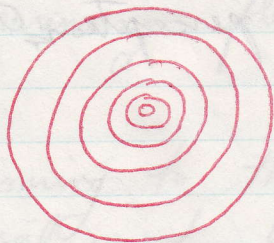
Billy is on the edge

ALAS, that is only JOB BULLSHIT.

The more important issues are AA; I go to 2 meetings each week.
PAROLE is going smooth.

I am going after small goals: driver's license insurance, car, financial aid for BCC...
long term goal → to be a teacher.

...but, for the end of a volume ...
 ...with summer ... this ...
 ...equilibrium"



"It's not enough to hold up a ...
 ...that is only ..."



The more important issues are ...
 go to ... week ...
 PAROLE is ... smooth ...

REMEMBER
 THE BOOK OF
 WONDER

I am going after small goals ...
 insurance ... financial ...
 ... to be a family ...

MARCH-APRIL